

VIRGINIA

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PAST AND PRESENT

ELIZABETH LEE



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VIRGINIA:

Past and Present.

BY

ELIZABETH LEE.
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DEDICATION.

ON THE SHRINE OF AMERICAN LIBERTY I LAY THIS
TRIBUTE: TO THE BRAVE HEARTS WHO WORE
THE GRAY, AND THOSE WHOSE GARB
WAS BLUE.

“PRO MEMORIA.”

INTRODUCTION.

THE desire of being of some benefit to the rising generation, and to bring before them true incidents in the lives of many of the noblest and best men and women, who "have passed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees," has prompted this effort. I offer no apology. To-day the counters of our bookstores are flooded with literature of all kinds, some of which, to say the least, is of doubtful import. To aid, elevate, and encourage, is my object. To be the means, however humble, of so doing, is the earnest wish and sincere prayer of—

ELIZABETH LEE.

VIRGINIA : PAST AND PRESENT.

CHAPTER I.

IN a small, old-fashioned house among the red hills of Charlotte there came into existence in March, 1794, an infant son to a worthy and honored couple—their first boy. The life of this child was to its parents, as is that of all first-born sons, the pride of a father's and the delight of a mother's heart; so many fond hopes centered in the object of their mutual love; high and noble aspirations for its future; that in him the talent and genius of the family might shine out, for in the past the name had been noted for its chivalry and noble bearing. They had landed at an early day at Jamestown, and after remaining in that portion of the State a short time had ventured further into the then unbroken forests, where the Indian was at home on his native soil. William Lee was of splendid build, strong, athletic, quick, and so the stories of his hair-breadth escapes from danger were often the admiration of his comrades; they looked up to him as a "leader through the land of difficulty." No obstacle seemed to be such that he would shrink from an undertaking in which they desired the knowledge of the country. He was undaunted, and when he found what he considered a desirable situation, was joined by others in clearing and opening up enough land to build their rough cabins and cultivate small farms, and thus it happened that the subject of this chapter was

born in the humble cabin in old Charlotte county, one of the best and most desirable in after years of the many attractive counties of Southside Virginia. Here was the home of Patrick Henry, whose name will live while our country does ; and here, too, lived Randolph, the most remarkable man in many respects of his time, whose memory is associated with much of true greatness as well as much to excite the feeling of sadness and sorrow, that so much of genius should at last had cause to mourn the misspent years, as his last moments prove.

In this happy but confined space, grew up the hero of these pages ; left at a very early age an orphan, his father dying when he was but an infant ; and left to the care and training of an inexperienced and diffident young mother, to battle as best she could with the world. Alone ! in the great busy world, with only this tie to bind her to life ; ah, who can but sympathize with her in her sad and lonely lot ? Friends few, and far away, and those who were related to her boy, and who could have rendered her aid, cold and indifferent ; can we wonder that a spirit of pride filled her breast and a determination to depend on herself without seeking aid from her husband's family ; which resolution she for some years adhered to ; the boy growing up as fine a lad as any mother could desire to call son—handsome, intelligent, and educated, as she could teach him. This youthful scion of a noble house grew to be perhaps ten years of age, when the poor young mother, growing faint by the wayside, felt she must look for other help to sustain her boy ; not then, as now, could a boy of his attainments have made a few dimes a week, or found some kind friend who, struck with his manly bearing, would have given

him help. No we can claim nothing as superior to this day in that respect, for the "former times were (not) better than these." At length she has to resort to the grandfather of her boy. The stern, unsympathetic old gentleman was touched at the sight of his grandson, and feeling that he must relent, offered them in his own comfortable home a place. The relief was not long enjoyed by the mother, but rest was given her who had toiled nobly for her boy. She was laid away in a rude grave-yard, with only the tears of her desolate darling to bedew her last resting-place; no hand to scatter the lovely violets of the spring morning over the lonely mound where her tired body was laid down; but the cold, cruel mound, as the poor boy viewed it, left her adorned in its loneliness. He never forgot the scene of his first grief, of his lonely acquaintance with sorrow. Back with his grandfather he went, and now life has a reality to the tender-hearted, loving boy, whose young heart was bursting with grief. With no mother's hand to wipe away the tears which could not be kept back, for hours he felt that *his* was the hardest lot, and the longing to lay beside his mother was so great that he wandered off to cry himself to sleep beside the cold mound that hid from view all he had loved with an intense devotion. Poor lad, could the future journey of life there have been unfolded, how your tender heart would have been wrung. How merciful in our All-Wise Father, that the veil is not withdrawn. Ah, how many of us would falter, yea fall, beneath the view. The many and severe disappointments of our lives; the changes which fall on us all as our early associations pass away. Friendship! would that the name meant what we first believed it, that the hollow mockery of the

term could not be felt. Those who by ties of nature should be our best and tenderest, alienated and their love withdrawn for some trivial excuse. Often have I wished to revise the meaning (rather the expression in some sons and daughters of my experience) of the term. Those changes come in life to all, and what a blessed privilege we have, whose dependence is felt in the unchanging friend. In our sunny years we believe all that is bright and joyous is to last; that our own lot will be different from that of those who have gone before; that life's joys are real, and loving words of our youth's friends will always be the same. In this faith we are happy; would it were not a delusion. Those we counted our nearest and dearest often are the earliest to leave us, wondering at the truth of constancy and affection. Our paths diverge, other scenes present themselves; our school-day professions are forgotten, others come into our lives. Thus is life. Such is my experience, and I have not "yet attained to the life of my fathers."

The subject of this chapter grows up a bright and undaunted youth, with but small opportunities of obtaining an education. The "old-field schools," as they were then called, were not very honorable institutions of learning always. The teacher was a tyrant often and the pupils too much cowed to take advantage of their opportunities; the birch was freely used, and often unjustly. The youth of this generation are far in advance of our sires in this respect; the teacher of to-day superior to those of the past in many other ways beside the art of imparting knowledge. In Henry Lee, that spark of "Nature's fire" which kindled into genius was burning, and the determination to obtain an education was firmly implanted to

rise above the surroundings of his early life and make for himself a name and position among men. With his grandfather the old-fashioned idea, that all boys should work and only study when they couldn't work, kept Henry back for a time. When only ten years of age, he was wakened up at six o'clock in the morning and sent to work without his breakfast. Think of that, ye happy boys of to-day, who many of you sleep till seven and eight in the mornings, then eat your comfortable breakfasts before venturing out. This poor lad had that meal sent to the field to be eaten on the plough handles or seated on the ground. The youth of that generation had much to contend with of which you are blissfully ignorant. Henry Lee loved books. They were his dearest companions. That was a source of pleasure none could take from him, and at night beside a "lightwood fire" (pine wood fire-light) he would sit for hours reading, and this was the pleasant part of his life for two or three years. At the age of fourteen, the grandfather of our hero decides to let him have a "little schooling." So when the few books then used were collected to set off for school, Henry had an easy job. Only Murrays' Grammar, an arithmetic, spelling book, and Johnson's Dictionary made up his lot of school books. The dream of his life, however, seemed about to be realized—he could have the advantages of an education. The teacher of this school was a man of more than ordinary ability, who himself had only a limited education, but study and perseverance had improved his mind, and to the humble patrons of the school he was a man wondrously wise. He had the gift of making himself pleasant and agreeable to the old people, and they believed in him ; that his rules and mandates

should be obeyed at all times in the school-room was the command to the children from the parents. In that respect the teacher of that day was, perhaps, better off than to-day, for "young America" often "wields the wand of authority" at home; *his* word is the law, and at school the teacher dare not array himself, or herself, against the wishes of such youths for fear of arousing their anger and perhaps discharge from his office.

Let us be thankful that a better day is dawning for both teacher and pupil. Time flies rapidly; the years come and go all too soon. Henry Lee, now seventeen years of age, has by the light of his pine knots studied history, chemistry, and philosophy; no instructor to guide, only the innate desire to know, to possess knowledge, has filled his whole soul; and if to read and study shall gain the desired end, nothing shall be left undone on his part. During the next year the war of 1812 came on, when he was just eighteen, and his mind was filled with the stories of wrong and oppression, his breast burning with enthusiasm to enlist as a soldier in defence of his country. He felt he was now a free man. So, without consulting his grandfather, he joined the army. The old man, not caring to thwart the plans of the boy, consented. He achieved a name for valor and bravery that was the admiration of his command. No hardship was irksome to him; always ready to act as he was ordered, no wonder that he came home honored and respected. After returning to his native county another thought came into his mind, and the most important change in his life took place: his resolution to enter the army of the "Great Captain of our Salvation," and serve His cause with ardor and devotion. No means of attending a theological

school, we find him purchasing such books as his small income would allow. A distinguished divine, hearing of his wish to prepare himself for the ministry, offered him the use of his own well filled library and such counsel as he was competent to give in his course. This, then, was his school of training. He studied with zeal and earnestness. Nothing of an unimportant nature found him absent from Mr. R.'s study. After a thorough course of reading such books on church history as this period afforded (books not so cheap then as now, so that none but the rich owned rare and valuable works), he was examined by the Presbytery of West Hanover. The answers surprised that august body. "There were giants in those days"—intellectual giants. That this youth, with the limited means he had, should have pursued a course of study requisite for the position he longed to fill; their close and rigid questions, answered with a firm and quiet dignity, unabashed by being surrounded by men whose fame was in every State of the Union, and on the delivery of his first sermon the ease of manner and singular beauty of his voice was a source of still further astonishment. Where and by what means had this youth acquired such cultivated tone of voice, thrilling as it did, at times, the audience assembled on that to him noted occasion; for this was his entrance into that higher and nobler life, where he was destined to shine, the soft and persuasive tones of his melodious voice often melting the most obdurate to tears? Interest in the young man was felt by the best men of every profession, and they gave him words of encouragement he never forgot. Not many months elapsed before he was called as pastor to some of the largest and most wealthy country churches in this same renowned county,

where the advantages of associating with men of the finest talent of the day was of great help to him. As, in the discharge of every duty of his life, he was faithful; so in his new calling, as one "who careth for souls," he was singularly blessed. The attractive manner and winning voice made him an acceptable guest in the homes of the high, and always a welcome visitor to the humblest roof. His reading was most touching; especially did the reading of the Scriptures impress his hearers, the solemnity of his voice, his distinct utterance, and the humble supplication of a Throne of Grace in behalf of the wandering sinner all felt and many appreciated. He was a means of good wherever he went. Not long did he remain in confined limits, but adjoining counties invited him to come and fill their pulpits. Revivals were the order of the day, and many souls were added to the church. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

In the county of Lunenburg he met his fate in a beautiful and attractive young widow with plenty of means, one courted and admired by men of wealth and position, yet to all she turned a deaf ear except the poor young minister. His sincere words of devotion were different from those of her other admirers, whose confidence in their ability to win her hand was destroyed when they came in contact with Henry Lee, at this time one of the finest specimens of manhood—tall, commanding, and graceful in every movement. He was well calculated to win the love and admiration of any refined, intelligent woman; and faithfully and nobly were the vows made carried out. The marriage was quietly celebrated in her lovely home, witnessed only by a few of their most

intimate friends, and thus from a life of hardship was our hero raised to one of ease ; and here most beautifully is his fine character again the admiration of his friends ; no self-indulgence is his, but the same unflinching line of duty which has always characterized him. No pretended sanctity, but a deep, abiding faith filled his soul ; genuine, frank, forgiving, but with an independence that dares “do right,” with the fear or dread of no mortal, but so to “walk as seeing Him who is invisible,” that his life should prove “whose he was and whom he served.” In his new home he had many opportunities of usefulness ; they had hosts of friends as visitors, some among them who were addicted to many of the fashionable follies and weaknesses of the day—horse-racing, gambling (that most debasing crime), cock-fighting (the cruel sport so much then indulged in). Against these vices his voice was raised from the pulpit, and into the homes as he visited his congregation the courage of his convictions sustained, laboring in the Master’s vineyard ; and many of the hardened sinners were won by the gentle, tender influence of his counsel and example, and brought into the fold “of such as shall be saved.” Among the number of the new accessions to the church, which from being the feeblest in the county became the most influential, was Captain S., who was for years the leader in the fashionable gayeties of the day, morning often finding his guests at the card-table after a night of wine-drinking. When the fact was known that he had resolved to give up these evil habits, it came as a shock to those who had so long indulged at his expense in these sinful occupations. His house now became the resting-place of the ministers of all denominations, and the future life of the

man proved the truth of the change. How thankful should we be that at this enlightened day such a course of life is not encouraged, all right minds tending towards a nobler and better life. The race-course in this honored old county no longer exists ; cock-fighting unknown ; gambling, if indulged in at all, kept so secretly hidden from the public that its whereabouts are unknown ; the grandchildren of those of a former generation, who followed these vain practices, filling honored positions in Church and State. We are on the road of progress ; our beloved old State is honored and respected, and let us bear the standard higher.

Years quickly pass, and their union is blessed with children, sons and daughters, committed to their care to train for immortality.



CHAPTER II.

IN this home dwelt the mother of Henry Lee's wife, a woman noted for her piety and benevolence ; a Presbyterian from conviction, and true to her church. Her wise and judicious counsel was of great aid to her son, as her affection for him was that of an own mother. She was rich and honored ; her presence ever welcome in any place—the young revered and loved her ; her sympathy and tender words of warning, if they were disposed to act indiscreetly, were at once accepted, and only the great day will reveal the means of good she was to all around her. Her negroes were a source of great distress and trouble ; slavery was not to her idea just what it should be, and here she shone forth an example in the teaching and training of their untutored minds, instructing them in religion as well as their work. Among those in whom she took special interest was a woman whose case is too remarkable to pass unnoticed. "Aunt Jenny," as she was called, after listening to the story of Jesus of Nazareth, lingered in doubt and fear for many days ; at last a sweet peace filled her soul, and she came rejoicing to her mistress to tell that her burden of sin had fallen away. The conversation was such that all were filled with wonder ; this poor, uneducated negro woman, sitting beside her mistress and telling in the language of an educated woman of her conversion. The matter was a source of astonishment, and persons came to the place to see and converse with her ; remarking "her language was astonishing—no incorrect expression," no ducky

words; but it seemed as if she were filled with wisdom from above. Her after life proved that the woman was a true follower of the Lamb. Her influence with the other colored people was worth more than one could believe, unless they had the opportunity of seeing and knowing the change made in their mode of living. Their ideas were then as now very perverted. The influence of this godly woman caused them to live better lives—a higher regard for honesty and morality—so that in all the country there was no place where the colored population were so highly respected, and proud were they of their homes, neat gardens for every family, hen-houses, and they were permitted to sell what they wished from their supply; their houses comfortable, with brick chimneys, glass in the windows; flowers some of them planted beside their doorway, where the vines shaded them from the heat of the sun at mid-day, as they would assemble for dinner, each one plentifully provided with bacon and bread. The mistake is a very old and widely circulated one, that the negro was not fed and clothed. As a general thing they were bountifully fed and comfortably clothed. There were isolated cases, even in Virginia, where their owners were too miserly to properly feed and clothe them, but they were censured by all right-minded persons, and in one county the neighbors of a man who did not feed his negroes told him if he would not feed his hands as he ought they would club in and supply them with provisions. This is a substantial fact; at this late day I relate it, that our honor in that respect may not be sullied; for to own them and fail to treat them properly would be a stain on any people. We who know of the truth of their kind treatment are often wounded by the falsity of

stories written and published to injure our good name. The time has past for such statements to bring about the evil once they might have done, and let us thank God the cause for so much dissension has been removed in the freedom and deliverance of "our brother in black." No ultra Abolitionist rejoiced more in this than the writer of these pages. They claimed my earliest sympathy, and to few persons was I more indebted than my black mammy. She was ever my warmest friend and true to my best interest; her counsels and admonitions would have done credit to many higher up in life. Tender and loving, and to my faults and frailties oblivious, her memory will ever remain enshrined in the depths of my heart. More of her life will be written of later, when the period came upon us that tried the stability of our people and shattered and sundered so much that was grand and noble.

The children of Henry Lee were now growing old enough to be at school, and having the means in his power of educating them, he determined the best advantages should be given them. Too young yet to be sent from home, private teachers were employed, of whom the first was a young divinity student from Northampton, Massachusetts, gifted then, as now, with men and women of the highest order of talent and finest instructors. We will follow this young man in his travels, and perhaps be amused at the length of time it took him to make the trip now so quickly made. Bidding his friends adieu, and with many anxious thoughts as to his future, he came by rail as far as Richmond, Virginia; thence by stage coach to a country tavern, where is now flourishing the town of Blackstone, then called Blacks and Whites, be-

cause of being settled by men bearing those names. At this point he had to hire a horse to make the balance of the journey, a distance of twenty miles perhaps. It was in the autumn of 1842 that a pale, slender traveller might have been seen wending his way through the dense forest of a fine Virginia plantation. It was near nightfall, and our traveller having had a tedious day's travel, is taking the latter part of the journey leisurely. Before he is aware of the fact darkness has settled over the "stranger in a strange land." This of itself is no incentive to pleasant thoughts. The faithful animal, too, is now showing signs of weariness. Resolving to give the horse his own course, and not try to guide, "whither he knows not," he looks at the situation and takes it calmly. No use complaining, no one to blame, and now so dark that but for the beams of the kindly stars he could not even see the road. Ere long, however, the light of a full moon begins to shed her rays over the scene, and never were her beneficent beams more welcome to a careworn son of earth. In the distance he sees lights gleaming from the windows; and as he rides up the long avenue leading to the stately old mansion he wonders how he will be received. The fine old oaks, chesnuts, and elms and forest trees of other kinds bordered the long approach on either side from the "big gate" to the front door. As he dismounts in front of the house the horse-rack near by is seen, and to this his black steed is hitched till he is cared for by a servant. The front door stands wide open, emblem of the warm-hearted hospitality of the inmates of that delightful home. Knocking, he is at once received in the kindest manner by the host, being ushered into the family sitting-room and introduced to the household,

seated by a comfortable fire. He soon feels somewhat relieved. The dismal thoughts of the past few hours vanish he feels he is not among a cold-hearted people, but those who will make his life a pleasant and agreeable one. He hears the sound of the tea bell with emotions of pleasure. Tired and hungry, as he is, we will follow him into the fine old dining-room, sure are we of justice being done to the appetizing supper. Hot rolls, delicious biscuits, cakes, butter, honey, and ham, which only a Virginia housekeeper can place on her table (none can compare with the Virginia-cured ham, they are world-renowned), hot coffee, delicious milk, and attentive servants to wait on the table, our Yankee friend rises from such a meal in rather better state of mind than he went into the room with. After tea they enter into a pleasant conversation, which is kept up till the hour for retiring. The white-haired grandmother attracts his attention, and in her presence he feels at home. That benevolent face is an index of the mind. Ah, if there were more of these saintly women to-day would not our land be blessed! She had become sanctified through affliction; her heart beat warmly towards the young man, so far separated from his loved ones, and true indeed was she to him. A holy and tender expression beamed from her countenance. Such influence and example is a benediction to any house; and the words of tender warning and entreaty she uttered to many youths is still remembered by the heads now hoary; and so a good man or woman lives. The seed for usefulness sown by them do not die, but though they may lie dormant for years, they will burst forth at last into a beauty undying, for "truth is eternal."

This evening is Saturday—a preparation day in this

family for the Sabbath. The Sabbath school lessons are prepared, texts of Scripture committed to memory—a much more difficult task than you of to-day encounter in your beautiful lesson papers, which are attractive; while our lessons were in books, some of which had no pictures at all, but questions to be studied from the Bible, and it took a pretty good theologian to answer the questions; then the long, hard answers to the Longer Catechism, which you think altogether too hard, or entirely unimportant. A Sunday lesson of fifty years ago was very different from to-day, and yet the children learned and were interested. Our Yankee friend is called on to lead in family worship—in a trusting and humble spirit, appreciating the feeling that brings out much of what is true and real in our characters. The bonds of Christian love are thus united. How it opens up our hearts to feel “in Him we are all one.” With the “good-night” said (as was always the custom in old times) his host takes him to his own room; he is not sent, conducted by a servant, but the truly hospitable host of that time always went with a stranger to his sleeping apartment. A cozy fire and lighted wax candle cause a homelike feeling. Being left alone, he speedily prepares for retiring, committing himself to the care of “Him who never slumbers.” He is soon in the land of dreams. We will leave him to enjoy the much-needed repose, and follow the sainted old lady to her room. She truly belonged to the class “who think no evil,” and one, I fear, fast passing away. Her heart was filled with charity to all, of whatever race or position; to the slaves owned by the family she is an “angel of mercy.” Their temporal wants were liberally provided for; but an awful sense of responsi-

bility as to the training of these souls for eternity burdened her soul, and for years she had made it a practice to talk to them on this subject. Here again her influence has not departed, for the descendants of her negroes occupy high positions in many of the States, respected for their high sense of honor, intelligence and morality. Ah! the sigh will escape me. Had all of us been equally faithful in this respect we would not have cause to regret "wasted opportunities." A sad retrospect, the souls we may have taught the "way of life." We let the spring-time pass, the seed not sown, the harvest in summer not gathered, and all is lost forever. The night is spent in refreshing sleep, and our Yankee friend, whom I shall call Mr. L., rises much invigorated. The calm, peaceful light of the Holy Sabbath, the tinkle of the sheep bell as they are turned into the pasture, brings into his mind a train of thought—"My sheep hear My voice." Had he not heard that voice bidding him go forth and lead others in the way of light? Here on this large plantation was ample work, and the determination to endeavor to lead some soul to Christ was his earnest wish. The time for family prayer summons each one by the ringing of what we all called the "prayer bell," for its tone and dimensions were different from the dining-room bell; and this service over, each one was ready for the Sunday morning breakfast.

CHAPTER III.

IN this household religion was an every-day matter ; the elderly members of the family brought it into their daily actions ; its restraints and influence was felt by all. The Sabbath was a day to be sanctified, to be spent according to the command “kept holy from worldly employment” ; the servants were taught the “way of life”—a regular day for their preaching. In this, again, the noble and exalted character of Henry Lee was brought out—he preached to them. They assembled in the grove, or, if the weather was cold, in the house, where they would listen with intense interest to the sermon and join in singing the hymns, which were read line by line to them. On this beautiful autumnal morning they were to attend the usual monthly church service. The church some distance off, they prepare to leave home early, so as no undue haste to get to church in time is thought of ; not like some of the descendants of those simple, devout people, who wait till the last moment and rush into church with the manner of people who imagine they are conferring a favor on the minister and congregation for coming at all. Dear old church ! thy crumbling walls are associated with the noblest and purest of the past ; shall they cease to be remembered ? Nay, verily ; let us honor and cherish them. The subject of this Sabbath’s discourse is on forgiveness—“Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.” Sublime theme, wonderful indeed for fallen man. Henry Lee does so plainly and truly point out our duty to our fellow-men that in the congre-

gration one woman, a lovely and much admired person, feels the truth so sensibly that she went to her home, wrote a lengthy letter, and sent to him a handsome memento, saying she felt more impressed than ever in her life before, and saw her duty in a very different light. This country congregation was a highly refined and cultivated people. Mr. L., our Yankee friend, is not made to feel uncomfortable by the vulgar stare of curiosity ; in a position to enjoy the sermon and feel at ease. Many lovely and beautiful girls gathered at these services, and to-day Mr. L. is much attracted by the sweet face and fine form of Mary Carr, whose intelligence and attractive manners had won her many friends and ardent admirers. They in after years became friends, and only a trivial circumstance prevented their marriage. She, devoted to his memory, never married, and the last ever heard of him he, too, was single. How happy they might have been but for a false prejudice. Peace to them and bliss hereafter.

A Sunday Presbyterian dinner fifty years ago was far from being as the modern Sunday dinner. Cold meats, bread, and only in winter hot coffee or tea, was to be seen on our tables ; or whatever we had in the way of deserts was cold, and how enjoyable we found such dinners. They were the rule, not exception. The family at Lee Hall, on these days, dispersed to their different rooms for reading and meditation till the hour for the childrens' catechism, which was to be prepared for the next Sabbath. Then the service for the colored people, who always came promptly at the appointed hour neatly dressed in their "Sunday clothes"—for the women in summer calico, and in winter a woolen-Linsey woven at home,

far neater than what we now have in most country stores; the men in black or brown jeans woolen, also made at home; neat shoes, hats, and shawls, and often for the men, especially those whose occupation caused exposure, heavy home-woven overcoats. Raising large flocks of sheep, plenty of wheels and looms made each household independent. After such services the more intelligent ones were questioned as to what they could remember about the sermon. There was never a failure on the part of two of the most important men to repeat not only the text, but large portions of the sermon, such wonderful memory did they have. The center of attraction was the woman of whom I have spoken, "Aunt Jenny," who was rolled in her chair when so bad off with rheumatism she could not walk, by taking the chair in front and hobbling to her place. Her joy in being called on for her expression of the truth was unbounded, her dark countenance, lighted up with a beam of heavenly light fresh from the altar of God's own love, could but be impressed on all around her. And as she would be carried to her own home, the group in her cabin listened with awe and wonder to her words. The influence of religion, refining and elevating in its character, was here so plainly visible that the enlightened and cultivated lady or gentlemen were never caused to blush by any coarse or unrefined language. Her house was a model of neatness; nice feather beds; then the colored woman's idea of bliss for a resting or sleeping bed, white counterpane and pillow cases, such as the white people used; chairs, table, and candlestand; every thing so orderly and clean, always and on every occasion. All her wants supplied, and the affection she showed for her

mistress was beautiful to witness. This confidence remained unshaken during their lives. To-day they walk together the "streets of the city." Who knows with what joy the humble servant greeted the coming of her former mistress. The memory of such lives sheds a fragrance on the after years of all who are so fortunate as to have experienced it, and such inheritance the richest that can descend on children. Gold perishes; riches take to themselves wings and fly away. Not so with this legacy; this is of eternal duration. The pressure of to-day is too great on us, and in some respects we are retrograding. Are we as faithful to our duty as in the past? We are inclined to feel that we are "out of date," and fear to impose our thoughts on this generation; yet in many things we are right in our judgment. Our friend Mr. L. becomes much interested in the colored people on the place, and his visits to "Aunt Jenny's" cabin are blessed to himself as well as all who come under his instructions. In one of his visits to the cabin to read and talk to this child of God, he asked her to tell him of her early life, and as the story is told to him we relate it:

AUNT JENNY'S STORY.

I was about ten years old, I suppose, when my old master died. In his will he gave away to the different children us colored people, in families; would not separate us on account of so many of us being related. It fell to my lot to belong to Miss Polly—a sweeter, purer mortal never lived, as you know yourself, for she is my old mistress in the house yonder to-day. She was young and pretty, and many young men tried to marry her, but she did not care to leave her mother all alone, as all the

other children were married and settled off to themselves ; but after a few years she went on a visit to a cousin in one of the lower counties, and when she came back home the neatest, nicest gentleman came with her, riding in his fine gig, with a big bay horse, and his waitman, Jerry, riding on another fine horse. I can remember all about his first visit. We all could see Miss Polly fancied him. He was one of the big statesmen, so they told us colored ones, and had a fine plantation and heap of colored folks ; so what better could she do, and in the course of a year she married him and moved away, bringing me and all my father's family—a big lot of us there was too—five wagons to move us and our plunder, besides her things in other wagons ; it was a sight to see the line of wagons going on from day to day till we reached our journey's end. It was just before dark when we got to our final stop, and the big house was all lighted up, music and dancing going on, for master and Miss Polly got there long time before we did. After we had our supper—and a fine one it was too, for tables were set out in the yard for the servants, and it took a big lot to feed three hundred mouths ; you may know all the nice things from the white folks' table were sent out—cakes big and little, custard, pies, and the barbecued pig, mutton, and every meat the country knew about was on that table—marster said we had to rejoice with him on bringing such a pretty bride into his home. He was a widower, before he married our pretty mistress, with one daughter, a pretty brown-eyed little girl named Polly, too, as bright and sweet a little thing as you ever saw, and just about the age of the little girl at the house now. Well, we were as well treated, and loved our white folks as any people could be. We would

have died for our mistress. All of us looked up to her as our best friend. Every day we had our work hours; us girls who stayed in the house always had one hour allowed for each meal, and plenty time to play and romp did we take. No overseer was allowed to come in the yard; their business was to look after the out-hands, and marster did not allow overseers to whip his folks neither. Our colored folks was known by everybody as "the stuck-up niggers" from Pittsylvania county; we had seen so much more of the world, and had better sense than they did, for some of them did not know the way ten miles from home, and we had travelled 500 miles to get here. We were proud of what we had seen, and loved to talk about crossing the big river in the boat, and how some folks were drowned right where we crossed.

Son, see my old flax wheel in the corner there? I begin to feel like I would love to work as I did in that time; so long have my poor crippled hands been down with the rheumatism that I can't use them as I once did, and my wheel that was once so busy stands there like myself, idle. If you could turn the wheel and ply the treadle as I once did, it would sing you a happy, joyous song, sir; if it could tell its experience it would make you cry, for it came, too, with us when we moved down here, and has been with us in all our troubles and pleasures. When mistress used it herself at the big house she was so happy and light-hearted she did not know of the dark cloud that was soon to overcast her home. Her full heart and beaming eye would have shown a different way from what it did. She was the life and light of the place. No one ever heard her utter an unkind word or scold her folks. Her husband was her pride, her heart's delight, and

when he would have to go to the big city where they make laws she would grieve, for it was so far from home and she did not love to travel much. She would have her friends to stay with her in his absence, and once when she heard he was sick she had the gig hitched up and travelled night and day to get to the boat in time. When she got to him he was improving, and she stayed till they could bring him home. He never got over the spell, and her poor heart would grieve as she saw, day by day, how he got weaker and weaker. He called to mistress one day and told her to bring the little girls to his bedside. He talked to the oldest, but the tiny baby could only gaze at her father and smile. I was her nurse, and standing by heard his charge to mistress about their little ones. Oh, sir, I cried; my white apron was so wet from wiping away the tears that I had to pull it off to dry. I never can forget that day. It is a solemn thing, if you have never passed through such times as these yourself, to stand on the very borders of eternity. You can almost fancy you see beyond and know where our friends are going. David and Orange were called at master's request, and those two old black men you see every day bowed down to hear master's whisper as to what they should do after he was gone. He made them promise they would never leave mistress, but stand by her as long as she lived. And oh, sir, black as we are, we would have suffered anything before we would have broken our word to our good master, who believed in us.

After this marster was too feeble to talk much, but he said he wanted mistress to stay right beside him till the breath left his body; said, "I want to die with my arms around your neck." I can't help crying now when

I go over that sorrowful time, for us black folks did love our white people; we have always been well treated, and have sense enough to know when we are well off. Why, sir, you never hear of any of our black ones living in the woods "runaways." We don't have to run from home. Our folks don't believe in whipping their servants to make them do right. We have had teaching and training since the oldest of us can remember. None of our black people have to steal; we have our own supplies for every week in every house; all of us have good gardens, plenty of eggs, chickens, and fruit. We hear of other folks running off—can't live at home. Well, home is the place for me. What would become of me, poor and crippled up as I am, if it was not for our white folks. Every morning my cup of hot coffee, buttered roll, and whatever our white folks have on the breakfast table, part is sent to me. The little children love to bring me things, and come and stay for hours with me to have stories of old times, when their mama was a child and I her nurse. After our marster died we all felt broke up, and if our mistress had not been the good, sensible woman she is, we all would have missed marster more; but she managed as near like he did as she could, and so when our young mistress married and came so far down the country, we had another break-up, and part of us followed her; some stayed with mistress at the old home till she got ready to come to her daughter's home, where we have all lived together for many years. We will not be parted again, for mistress does not intend us to belong to anybody else, but we are to have our freedom papers in her will. She don't believe in the way some colored folks are treated by their owners, and that is the reason she don't

intend us to fall into other hands. You say the children told you to get me to tell about the "stars falling." Oh! sir, it makes me almost tremble now when I think of that morning. We used to get up soon to make fires, sweep, and bring fresh water from the spring before the white folks got up. Well, that morning some of the older people woke sooner than common, and when Dave opened the door to look out to see what time it was by the stars he hallowed out loud as he could: "De stars is falling and de great day is done come on us unawares." Then you never did hear the like of the screaming, shouting, and crying to the Lord to have mercy on our souls; every one running about the houses; we were afraid to go out in the yard for fear he would be hit and burnt up. After a while one old man came to his senses and peeped out of the door to see what was going on, and daylight was dawning and only a few stars, now and then, falling; so we got over our scare and went and told the white folks. They were so sorry we did not wake them all up to see that awful sight.

After the old woman got through with her story Mr. L. proposed to read her a chapter from his Bible, which he usually carried in his pocket when walking around the plantation. She gladly listened to his voice as he read with much tenderness and beauty the story of the "Prodigal Son." Her comments on this struck Mr. L. with such force that he took them down in his note-book. "Yes, we are all wanderers from our Father, and are trying to find something to take the place of the true end we should have in view; but all at once we hear our Master's voice calling to his wandering ones to 'come home,' and he get up and fly away from the habits of

sin and the snares of the devil, and can't rest till we get to the very foot of the cross, where our Lord meets us and tells us to sin no more—to come to the arms of love and mercy." Mr. L. prayed with this true and ardent spirit, and felt he had indeed ministered in holy things to the Lord's chosen one. A sweet feeling of peace and gratitude filled his soul; he had given the "cup of cold water to one of these little ones." Mr. L. felt impressed with the interview with this humble servant of God; and how different the idea now in his mind of the treatment of the "negro down South." Here in this cabin was a woman who, though she could neither read or write, used the language of an educated person; but he found to be true that where the owners were people of refinement and education their servants were trained and taught to use good language, and their manners were astonishing to a "Down Easter," for people of the great love of imitation they possessed copied the manners of their own white people. This habit of imitation was a wonderful means of knowledge to them, for I have in perfect remembrance a servant girl who learned to play and sing the pieces the girls learned at school, and in this school there were girls who would pay her to play over their pieces while they read or seated themselves in a comfortable easy-chair to loll a hot summer afternoon. If the sound of footsteps were heard approaching the music-room, our colored friend would spring with the agility of a cat from the window. The feeling of dependence on this girl was so great that the girls would have her to assist in preparing their lessons. She was wonderfully bright and intelligent, and so very much attached to the school girls there was nothing she would

not attempt to do for them. This is a true picture—one of my own experience and not at all highly drawn. The feeling that prevailed among our Northern friends that there was nothing but the most abject fear entertained by these people to their owners was a most mistaken one—they were an affectionate and warm-hearted race, and their conduct, when suddenly given their freedom, was such as to command the admiration of the world. Think of it; a people who had never known anything else but servitude, to be as it were freed from a cage of confinement and launched out upon the broad expanse of freedom—a freedom which knows no bounds—instead of exulting and taunting speeches to their former owners, the most respectful manner and the same attention to their duties; they loved home and home people, and desired no new thing in the way of friendship.

In his Virginia home Mr. L. found many things to occupy his leisure hours. The plantation life was new and novel. He loved to walk or ride horseback, and the afternoons were often spent in riding around the farm, the hands at work, and the merry laughter heard, as they would pull the corn and toss it in piles to be gathered up by the wagons. Their light-hearted gayety at all times was to him a matter of study. No care, no thought for the future, bothered their unlettered minds. Food and raiment provided, what else had they to worry over? The “corn-shucking” time was a grand jubilee, and the shouts and songs, as they would attract the attention of the neighboring hands, calling them to the “shucking,” could be heard on the still autumn evening for more than a mile. They would collect around the “big pile” in front of the crib door, so as to throw in as they shucked it.

When the last ear was thrown in they would often have a dance and big supper in honor of the final winding up, and at one of these suppers Mr. L. was asked if he was surprised and amused at the show of bacon and cabbage, for the hour was ten at night, beside this a variety of meats, shoat, opossum, and plenty of sweet potatoes and cider. They were extremely polite and respectful to the white people who would come out to witness the festivities, and the best the table afforded was first offered them, which, if accepted, was a source of pride and pleasure. This was a new feature of their character to Mr. L., who could but believe in their contented and happy life. No cares for the future to bother or annoy, and peaceable among themselves, it was a rare thing to hear of disputes and quarrels among them, far more so than since they have been freed. There is a spirit of envy and jealousy that it seems impossible to eradicate if one has more of this world's goods than the other, and they are prone to take advantage of each other. The courts are often flooded with the complaints of the freedman against his brother. It is a mark of distinction with some of them to have a "case in court."



CHAPTER IV.

MY intention is not to write much of a Love story just here; but as in a former chapter I mentioned the interest Mr. L. seemed to feel in Mary Carr, I will not pass this portion of his life unnoticed. On one Friday afternoon after the duties of the week were over he set out for the home of Mrs. C., some distance off in the country, and a pleasant ride of three hours brings him to "Wood End," a modest cottage of six rooms situated in a lovely grove of fine oaks, where, about this hour of the evening, the family were usually walking in the grove or riding. On this occasion they were in the garden, where were blooming a few late roses, and Mary Carr was gathering these for the vases. She blushed as he entered the garden, so unexpected was his appearance. He also blushed at seeing her confused, approached, and offered his hand, which she shook warmly, and invited him to be seated in the summer-house, while she should gather up her flowers. He declined with thanks the invitation to be seated, and offered to aid her in taking her roses to the house. Ah, the same old story of love (which will live as long as our hearts can feel that sweet emotion) is told as the roses are arranged in the vases, and each feels that in the other they can confide. No idea of the objection of her mother presents itself to the pure and dutiful girl. Loving her mother with a singular devotion, nothing could enter her mind that should not be sanctioned by her mother, who was a type of the Virginia matron of that day, one whom all loved to honor, and in her conversation every one in-

terested. Highly cultured, and with a mind superior to almost any other of her sex, she was well fitted to train and educate her children, which she had undertaken to do at home. Of one of the oldest and best families in the State, she was an acknowledged belle. Her beauty was fascinating, but far above the loveliness of face and form shone the attractive mind; of the finest and most engaging manner, all delighted to be called her friends. Her house was the abode of peace and gentleness—the very atmosphere was different, so much was her life devoted to kind deeds, and her crown will shine, too, with the souls born to the truth by her precept and example. Her life was deeply religious. An incident of her early youth was never forgotten—the narrow escape from losing her life in the Theatre, which was destroyed by fire in 1811, at which time so much of the beauty and chivalry of Richmond found fiery graves. Her heart was seriously impressed, and the vanities and gayeties of the world were given up, and the beginning of a Christian life entered upon at once. Dr. John H. Rice, of sainted memory, was the pastor of the church she attended, and she held with him important converse, which resulted in her becoming a member of his church. I have spoken of her beauty and attractiveness; many were her admirers, and she became very much attached to a young foreigner, handsome and witty, with no religious faith. They were wed, and her house in Richmond city was the center of attraction for the gay and fashionable throng of the day. Her finely cultivated mind, filled with rich stores of knowledge, could draw from any company of brilliant people admiration and pleasure. On uniting with the church she resolved to give up her worldly life, and here again

her character comes out in its loveliest light. Her heart and mind were united in the resolution to set the example of holiness to her gay and thoughtless friends. It was not with her, as with many, a slow case of renouncing the world and worldly things, but the heart being right, an easy matter it was to change at once her mode of life; and now again her influence was blessed. Eternity alone will reveal the good her godly life, saintly conversation, and tender chiding exerted on her associates. The sigh will escape as I remember this lovely and beautiful life, although more than four-score passed away all too soon. Dear old Wood End! The grand old oaks we all left to mark the spot where once you stood, they stand like silent sentinels, casting their shadows over the sacred spot where once mingled many of the best of Virginia's sons and daughters.

The inheritance is a noble one, and should be cherished as such, and descend to future generations. We are too much the people of to-day; the race for wealth has blunted much that we might have encouraged. Let our children know that Virginia hospitality means not the extravagant abundance we may be able to afford, but that which makes each one feel a welcome guest and comfortable and happy under our roof. We have always been noted for our attention to the "stranger in the gate." True, we of to-day have advantages our grandparents had not; yet, are we better than they? Are we striving after knowledge? Are we filled with kind and charitable feelings? If called on for my own experience, I could not say that we are superior. They have all passed away, but their memory is embalmed in the hearts of those so fortunate as to have been trained by such exalted and pure

lives. In this quiet country cottage often assembled distinguished men—D. D.'s in the Presbyterian Church, Episcopal bishops who, with their brilliant intellect and unpretending manner, attracted the little child as well as the older heads. The Great Day alone will reveal the good done by the "elect lady" of that hallowed spot; her sympathy with the poor, the bereaved and afflicted one; her generous acts of kindness to those in need; her earnest words of entreaty to the ignorant and misguided, trying to lead them in the right way; that influence can never be lost—it lives and will live. The strict attention to her slaves, their religious training, and the conscientious discharge of every duty owed them, was faithfully fulfilled. They call her "blessed," and who shall say the number of souls won for Christ by this earnest Christian woman. Among the lowly blacks on her own farm—on others, also—wherever she went she lost no opportunity of doing good? Do we of to-day seek the means of benefiting those around us? Are we endeavoring to raise and elevate our colored friends? There is much we owe them, and if only this were our motive, to aid them, we should be up and at work. But a far greater responsibility rests on us: they are here for us to help forward. "Onward and upward." Let us to this end strain every nerve, so that we be not "found wanting" in this great and laudable endeavor. True, in many instances they think our help is now unneeded; but wherever they have felt the tie of former years, they are easily led and thankfully appreciate every effort they believe to be sincere. The example of our fathers and mothers should be revered, and we should follow their footsteps in this line of raising those who were placed under our care, and sustaining

them in the right. The dews of Heaven have for years fallen on the resting-places of those who taught us our duty to "our brothers in black," but the seeds sown are bringing forth fruit, and will continue to flourish as long as the race exists, for no good can die—it is immortal. "Train up a child in the way he should go." The promise remains the same. Wherever they have had the proper home instruction and example their lives show it. The Sabbath regulation and exercises are remembered and revered—that day called "The Holy of the Lord, Honorable." Ah! how differently spent in this progressive age. I had rather be the means of arousing our people to a right sense of our obligation in this respect than to have "stores of wealth." When I look back and see those who were observant of the day now honored men and women, and those who disregarded its holy hours not among the prosperous, it cannot be considered remarkable that I desire our youth to honor the old paths. Cast no sneer on them, for they are safe because right.



CHAPTER V.

TIME flies, and the years pass so speedily we are old and gray-haired before we realize it. Our Yankee school teacher, who so truly loved and was beloved by the sweet and lovely Mary Carr, finds his suit not approved by the aristocratic mother; so their fond hopes were blasted, and his attention centered more than ever on his studies. The children of Henry Lee, who had been his pupils for years, were now ready to enter college, and his term of service having expired, he returned to his Northern home. His life had been a means of great usefulness with the youth under his tuition; of a superior mind, he could attract them, and at times there was an awful solemnity about his manner, which caused the younger children to dread his disapproval; a life pure and untarnished was his, the object of which was to be of benefit to all with whom he came in contact. The day he bade farewell to his Virginia friends was a sad one; tears flowed freely from the eyes of the family to whom he had become so dear, and the colored people all came up to "shake hands" with "Mr. Lyman" before he left. To his Northern home and friends he carried a far different account of "Life in the South" from what they had been taught to believe was real. We of the South have almost as great a responsibility resting on us as in the days of slavery, and most earnestly and prayerfully should we strive to act up to our duty.

Their religious education, especially, needs our attention and earnest efforts to advance and improve their

ideas ; though where they have had collegiate advantages their improvement has been marked, yet in many the old superstitions still linger, as to "sight-seeing." When "brought through," as they call conversion, one old darky sister told her former mistress that she visited the "lower regions." When asked if she saw any of her friends there, she seemed delighted to say she did ; and among the number a white man she had known. She was asked what he was engaged in. Her reply was : "The last time I see him he was stirring a pot of greens" ; so to her mind the situation was not so serious.



CHAPTER VI.

THE years flit by all too swiftly, and those who were taught by Mr. Lyman are now grown men and women, all engaged in life's duties. The honorable profession of law claimed several of his students ; some the practice of medicine ; few of them turned their attention to "tilling the soil," while the girls grow up and become useful women. The year 1859 was a glorious one for us ; our barns "filled with plenty" and coffers "running over." What need for more? Yet in the distance are heard the mutterings of the thunder of discord which is to continue till our once peaceful and happy land becomes the scene of a war between the States too terrible to contemplate, and when in the autumn of that year John Brown made his famous raid, "the gauntlet was thrown down," and henceforth the strife. The cooler and more sober-minded, those who knew what such a conflict meant, deplored the state of affairs. Their wish and desire was for harmony and peace ; that our troubles and difficulties be settled by our own government, without a dissolution of our grand and glorious union ; but those who knew not the meaning of such a cause, heated with anger and malice, resolved on taking the reins of government into their own hands and withdraw from the honored confederation of States, to establish which had cost us years of war and hardships. Every schoolboy can relate of Washington's campaign.

The year 1860 dawned as peacefully and quietly as a Sabbath morning, but early during that year heated political discussions took place over the country North

and South; the time was fast approaching when our "songs of joy" should be turned to grief, and the happy reunions of friends only remembered as a "dream of the past." Our nearest and dearest severed from us by differences of opinion as to our rights, the relentless "hand of fate" has ever been busy wounding and causing to bleed some heart, for some who knew not what was best. The union had existed long enough, and for both sides a dissolution would be wise. The warm-hearted patriot shuddered at such utterance, and thought those ideas should be crushed at once, but not so; they grew in numbers too rapidly to be easily suppressed. Ah, could the carnage have been "seen from afar" the sufferings of noble men and women might have been avoided. We were too self-reliant, "our peace had flown like a river." We could not believe our glorious country could ever be the battle-ground of her own children—brother against brother, father against son. The last election held before the war, was a most exciting one, the hearts of all true men and women were filled with dread, none more so than Henry Lee, whose ancestors had fought during the Revolution, and he himself later. Can we wonder at the spirit of indignation that filled his mind when on all sides he heard the boastful words of the "fire-eating" element, that "this accursed union," as it was called, should be severed in twain? We were a happy, prosperous people; our "flag" honored by all nations. Were we becoming too proud, too full of our own greatness, that this "cruel four years' war" was all that could humble us into the dust of contrition? With what keen anxiety the mind of this true patriot scanned the future; to the best interests of his country was he devoted. He did

not believe there could be found a force large enough to break down our solid walls of union and strength, for where there is union is it not mighty enough to overcome difficulties! The time had come to "try men's souls"; the days passed wearily by, and the papers, filled with exciting speeches from both political parties, were read eagerly in all portions. The wise, conservative heads were shaken as they read and predicted what the future should bring. Were we to plunge headlong into a "dissolution of the union"? Our annual season of rejoicing, that season which celebrates the "glad tidings of great joy," was approaching, and we prepared as usual for our festivals, dinings, teas, etc. Ah, could we have known it was the last many of us would ever spend together, how different would have been the scene; instead of merry, light-hearted conversation and peals of joyous laughter, the sigh and tear. A merciful Providence saves us many pangs by withholding from our vision the dark and heart-rending scenes through which our pilgrimage lies. At the home of Henry Lee, on this eventful season, were assembled as gay and thoughtless a party as ever met. Young men just home from college—in their own estimation wise politicians—could grasp the future with swift vision; girls home for the holidays—all are discussing the probability of war as if only a merry pastime. One young lawyer of unusual brilliancy declared he would never stop till he planted his flag on the Capitol at Washington. The writer of these pages assured him he would never do so, yet he really believed, as did many others, it was to be the work of a short time. This joyous day was rapidly closing, the carriages were being driven to the front door as the "good-byes" were being said. An

old clock that had been for years silent and useless commenced tolling slowly and solemnly. The gay throng of thoughtless young people suddenly paused. Was this ominous? Were the warning spirits telling us this was a final "good-bye" to most of that happy group? Whatever it was, it had its effect; the sounds of merriment were hushed, and softly, sadly each bade the other farewell,

"Never to blend in victory's cheer,
To aid in hours of woe;
'Tis thus bright spirits mingle here,
Such ties are formed below."

This was not the last intimation given us that evening. As we discussed the singular circumstance of the striking the solemn numbers, we were startled by the sound of three sharp, decisive strokes, as from a powerful hand, on the outside of the second story of the building. We gazed at each other in consternation. Whence came this ominous sound? For what intent? Ah, the long years of weary waiting for the loved "that never comes back again," told us at last. There are mysterious things we cannot unravel. They fill us with a desire to peep into the unknown, which it is hard for us to believe we are blessed by being ignorant of. The cloud that hides from our view the future is one of the most merciful of our Loving Father. What if we could have seen the bleeding and torn forms on the cruel battle-fields of the next four years? Our noblest, bravest, and best? Who could have stood the shock?

Winter gradually merged into spring. The newspapers at this time filled with views of the benefits of Secession; its glorious accompaniments of freedom and

prosperity. The conservative element shuddered at such views with an awful quake of coming dread. What were we to gain? Had we not the most glorious government on the globe—the admiration and envy of all nations? Why dissolve a bond that brought us nothing but good? Why cast aside our glorious Confederation of States and float, we know not into what condition? All was anxiety and suspense in our grand old Mother State. Each resolved, be her decision what it might, to accept it as her children should, but praying and hoping she would “count the cost” before making her choice. Henry Lee, who had always been true to the best interests of his native State, did not believe that within her borders could be found enough of the disrupting political group to bring about a change; but when the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter was heralded it sent a pang into his noble heart that crushed all his hopes for a peaceful solution of our troubles. The time hung heavily. Suspense is awful; and when our own loyal Mother, Virginia, resolved to secede from the Union, her noble sons and daughters stood steadfast and true to her. These were times that “tried men’s souls.” How many come out of the furnace purified, eternity alone can reveal. It was a lovely Sabbath morning; a holy, peaceful solemnity seemed to cast its beams over the quiet solitude of our county home—when, hark! What is that sound that bursts on the ear? The firing of cannon is heard afar off. The battle of Bethel is being fought. Being distant from the railroad, it is a day or two before the news is broken to Henry Lee. His once calm and dignified countenance changes to one of gloom and unrest. He was never the same again. Though patient and unmur-

muring, his heart was bleeding, and the strain was too great long to be borne. There were some who were so cruel and false-hearted as to declare that this noble scion, of as true stock as ever stood up for our country's rights, was disloyal to our Confederacy, and even went so far as to say they would appoint a committee to confer with him and advise him to leave Virginia's soil. Heaven called him to his blissful reward before such cruel threat could be put into execution. He peacefully sleeps where the roar of artillery can never more disturb, and the tongue of venom no more assail.



CHAPTER VII.

1862—was an eventful year with us. It seemed we were realizing now what war, with all its accompanying evils, meant. Shut in by the blockade, many were the privations endured by those who had known nothing but luxury. Rye coffee, with parched sweet potatoes, was a poor substitute for Mocha, but such was the spirit of self-denial among our people we were willing to give up everything for the purpose of aiding and assisting those who were defending our homes. Our coffee was sent to our soldiers. We drank “kettle tea,” as hot water poured on sweet milk is called. Some things we never lacked for. Among these rice and sugar; the supply was always equal to the demand. Here we saw the hand of our Merciful Father, for the “feeble of the flock” would have suffered without these necessities.

The bloody fights that took from our firesides that summer our brave boys in gray had bowed our heads, and crushed our hearts. The widow’s story and the bridegroom of a few hours, who would not desert his post, even for the lovely girl he had just pledged his troth to “live together till death do us part,” could not be induced to apply for a furlough if only for a few days; alas, never to return did numbers of these go forth. When in the winter of that year, so many were the difficulties under which we labored, that strong men’s hearts failed them for fear that the end was yet far off. Determination, courage, and endurance such as the world never saw filled the breasts of our noble ones. Manfully, gloriously

did they stand up, forgetful of self. "Duty," the watchword of our legion; none ever faltered, though torn and bleeding he pressed forward, while the life-blood was ebbing away, and fell covered with honor, and the cruel scars that were hurriedly hidden in the quickly-prepared grave—often even unmarked. Yet Heaven knows where they lie, and the soft light of the stars keep watch over their sleeping forms till the glorious morning when the hallowed dust shall awake and assume a garb far more beautiful than the one consigned to this lonely, isolated spot on the dusty wayside, the wounds all healed, the noble brow glorious with the light of immortality, all weariness of marching forgotten, no listening for the bugle sound calling them from feverish slumbers to haste and prepare for battle.

Eagerly we gathered at the little country post-office to await the coming of the daily mail bringing us news from our loved ones. The hallowed Christmastide was approaching, and we felt there was little to spare, preparing for a celebration of that holy season. Our absent ones must be remembered, and we did set to work fixing up boxes of eatables to send to the army. These boxes were sent moistened by our tears and consecrated by our prayers. They were the last "many of our boys" ever opened. Disease that the cruel hardships incident on war had brought on our fragile youth claimed its scores, and ere the springtime they were laid to rest, not many of them "under the daisies," though now their graves are green and adorned with the fairest flowers that loving hands can bring on "Decoration Day." Eighteen hundred and sixty-three opened with the heavy cloud of battle, through which no ray of hope could be discerned ;

no time for mirth or festivities with those whose hearts were in our camps or battle-fields, where, on scanty fare, our loved ones were passing the cold wintry day and cheerless night. Winter was slowly passing away, and the soft, balmy breezes of our beloved Southland fanned the fevered brow of the unmurmuring sufferer on his cot in the hospital, where gentle woman watched, ministering to their wants. Was ever such courage, or did braver heart ever beat than that encased often in the rough, bronzed frame? A nobler spirit shone forth here than that which had dared the deadly shot of the bloody battle-field. The lovely month of May was greeted with joy only by the thoughtless, innocent child. Our armies were encompassed by foes within and without; the beautiful sunshine and gay blossom of the flowers awaked no chord of joy in our too gloomy hearts, and when the news of Jackson's fall, wounded by the hand that would have fallen palsied ere sending forth that shot, our senses were paralyzed for the time. Our brave, our glorious leader, Stonewall Jackson, no more! Could it be true? Ah! how we hoped to hear the report contradicted—"hoping against hope"—and the next tidings brought us told of his translation to the "home above." He had "passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees." His bright vision had caught sight of the glories awaiting a life spent in the service of the "Great Captain," and he longed for rest and quiet. With Jackson's death our hopes were shattered. His earnest prayers, his blameless life, and the influence such a life exerted, lost to our soldiers, though the memory of that life will live forever. We had grown to depend on Stonewall's prayers, and believed that success would be ours. We never re-

covered from this blow, and from that time the fate of the Confederacy was sealed. When in July of that year the awful battle of Gettysburg routed our armies, the vast numbers of our best men slain, and scores wounded, how we wept and prayed for the end of such carnage. It came not according to our wish and desire, yet we were to be tried, and torn and bleeding forms yet to be brought home to linger and die. Ah, if we could have foreseen all this, would we have hastily entered a conflict that was to tear from our firesides the widow's hope and to walk the weary road of life alone with our little ones, helpless and hungry.

The months dragged along. We who went to the hospitals to care for our wounded and dying ones were rewarded by the sweet consciousness of "doing our duty," and the sad lot fell on many of us of writing the last messages home for our brave boys who accepted "the inevitable," as the mighty warrior, and was willing to lie down, far away from home and kindred, rejoicing in the hope of a happy and blissful reunion. The tear will flow as these scenes are recalled. Happy are those who know not of such heart pangs and bereavements.

1864—the bells rang in. Was the tone unusually sad, or was it only a freak of fancy that, instead of a joyous ring, it was a solemn toll? It cast its shadow over our expectant minds; it could not be shaken off. A gloom, settled and heavy, overshadowed all our land. Want began to come into houses that hitherto had never known the meaning of the word, so far as they were concerned. Shoes at \$50 and \$75 a pair, even if of Confederate money, counted up; hats at \$75 and \$100, and calico at \$25 per yard seemed to be taking away our all. Yet we

managed to live and learn how sublime a thing it is to "suffer and be strong."

Our faithful servants entered into the feelings of their owners, and as times grew harder helped to relieve us in every way they could. The family at "Lee Hall," the home of Henry Lee, of now sainted memory, suffered much from the different raids sent across the country for horses, provisions, and whatever could be gathered, being in the regular line of march to headquarters. Here the house-servants saved us much that would have been lost but for their vigilance, as the news of the "coming of the Yankees" reached them before it did the white people. The noble and devoted servant "Davy Lee" (as he called himself in the home of his master) hastily hid the bacon that would have been taken from the smokehouse, and gathered up what articles he could of value, secreting them in the orchard so that they were not found. Then, in accordance with the promise made his dying master, he kept close beside his beloved mistress, never leaving the house, and treating the wild, disorderly horde with the greatest respect, going with them into the different apartments of the large mansion and begging them not to deface the furniture. It must be mentioned with what honor these same men treated the honored lady of this establishment, who kept her seat in her own chamber the whole of that eventful day, secretly praying to God, who keeps in "His pavilion those who trust in Him." No word of profanity was uttered in her presence; they were struck with her dignified bearing, her white locks were respected, and as each one of the crowd would pass into her room the hat was lifted or touched, with "Good-morning, mother," from these reckless men. Such is the

feeling in every breast for true woman among every race and condition of men where civilization has reached them. With the passing away from "Lee Hall" of this raid went many relics, valued for years, and yet there was so much left to be thankful for that no word of re-pining was uttered. All our fine horses and mules, except the oldest one on the place, left with the raid; he was reserved for further duty, and after "the surrender" sold for forty dollars—a good mule where there was none else.

Our black mammy died while there was so much else to sorrow our lives, and to lose one so constant in her devotion to our household was a blow we could not sustain just yet. She had been the friend and faithful adviser of our early years; kindness and affection prompted her every action. How were we to get along without "mammy"? We determined to show her the greatest mark of respect we had in our power by having in our own house her funeral services, thus honoring her memory. And here I wish to speak of what occurred in another State of the same kind. In Charleston one of the wealthiest citizens followed to her last resting-place his black "mammy," who after all the family had left for places of safety refused to leave the one she had cared for in infancy. The funeral was conducted by one of the most prominent ministers in the city. In his suit of black, with bowed head, on a bleak winter day, he followed to the outskirts of the city the remains of his faithful friend and loving servant, who, in spite of all the dangers surrounding her, had clung to him. What a commentary on the slave-owner!

CHAPTER VIII.

“TIME the Creator where our judgments err” has changed the opinion of many who imagined that every slave-owner was a tyrant. Heaven be praised for the removal of that curse on our fair land. The summer brought raid after raid to our homes, and the approach of autumn found us in a pitiable plight—all the stock gone, hogs slaughtered, cows too old to be of any use to the army, being all, except a few stray pigs that had wisdom enough to remain out of sight, were our dependence, and yet we did not starve. Our fields, yet untouched by the army, yielded us corn enough for bread; wheat yet unground in our granaries gave us promise of enough and to spare for our poorer neighbors. We were united as to our duty to those worse off than ourselves. The hand of charity supplied the houses of the poorer classes, as in our halcyon days of prosperity. We had never known else than liberality, and it is a hard lesson for a true Virginian to learn, that self comes first, our poverty-stricken neighbors after we are served.

Winter came, with its bleak winds and sleety weather, disaster after disaster coming on us so thick and fast we trembled as we thought of the final ending of all this misery. God is merciful; He saw how our heart-strings were wrung; the burden had been borne long enough, the “night of weeping” almost ended. The news of the fall of Richmond was a trial unlooked for just then, yet it showed us what we could endure, as day after day we

would listen to the booming of cannon and roar of artillery, not knowing which of our beloved ones were falling or taken prisoners, a fate to many more horrible than death. But when, on April 9th, our indomitable leader and noble champion, General R. E. Lee, determined to accept the wisest course for our stricken people, we were satisfied he had been for us what Moses was to the children of Israel in leading us through the four years' war, uncomplaining of the hardships endured by his exalted nature, showing a courage and endurance superior to any the world can boast. Could we believe he would accept or us aught but right? Nay; verily we were confident of the wisdom of his counsels and trusted in his decision.

Our troubles did not end with the laying down of arms, for ere the news of the surrender was received in all portions of our country, with bowed heads and bursting hearts on one side, and songs of exultation and rejoicing on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, the awful tragedy at Washington, when the shot of the assassin deprived our land of one of its greatest and best, Abraham Lincoln, it seemed our cup of grief was too full for poor frail, humanity. That shot deprived us of our hope for the time. His great heart and broad mind, above the petty prejudices of life, beat only in tenderness towards his fellow-men, or devised means to aid and help. For us of the South it was the worst blow that could have fallen. How he would have grieved over the record of the next few months could his vision have scanned the future, when, without shadow of reason, innocent men and women were strung up and executed with no show of mercy. How his sensitive heart would have grieved at the sight of such lawlessness in a land whose gates

are open to the oppressed of all nations. Such is the inevitable consequence of civil war. Our clear-headed, wise patriots, who scanned the end of such a conflict, would have averted the bloody carnage had their wise counsels been heeded ; but God so willed it, that for our sins we should suffer. Too exalted in our own minds, the rod of correction only could humble us. The capture of our chieftain, Jefferson Davis, and the ignominious torture to which he was subjected, will long remain a blot on the fair page of American history. He was as conscious of being in the discharge of his duty as was Abraham Lincoln ; the difference was their own ideas of right. Time has wonderfully softened us, and we can see now, as we could not then, that as well for us as them "God did best" in permitting fiery trials to prove us, that we might come forth from the "furnace of affliction" refined. The horrible blot of slavery forever removed from our borders, how much to thank God for in this.

The change to many was a terrible ordeal to endure. The hardships of the southern kitchen, as it was when we found ourselves deprived of help, was a lesson too many of us shrank from. How could we do such drudgery? Stand over a hot stove in the heat of summer, steaming our faces that the sun, in our earlier years, was not allowed to touch too freely ; go into the gardens, gather with the dews yet heavy on them our vegetables ; burn, scorch, blister, and worry—all these things we had to encounter during the "days of reconstruction." And here we were hard to construct. Our lot appeared a cruel one, yet bravely did we strive to stand the privations inflicted on us during those days. We of Virginia had not so hard a time as our more distant southern sisters. Many

of our best cooks remained in the country, and numbers did not leave the homes they had known all their lives. We who were fortunate enough to have such adherents were truly thankful. Many of the colored population could not realize they were free unless they left the old homes and "set up for themselves," but the year of "the surrender" has a most eventful one, and the "gradual taking in of the situation" was a thing hardly to be looked for; yet the faithful host that had so long borne the thralldom of slavery were easily influenced, and where the proper mode of acting was advised under the new role they easily acquiesced. No revengeful feeling filled their breasts only the grand idea of being "free" possessed their patient minds; no more midnight task imposed on frames already wearied with the day's work; no fear of oversleeping, so as not to heed the call to the daylight task; no fear of the lash of the cruel overseer, brutal in his nature and unrelenting in his feelings. Can we wonder at the glad song that welled forth from their throats, so long in bondage, when the knowledge that all these evils were forever removed was announced to their listening ears and longing hearts? Had they not dreamed that the night was wearing away, and the day-dawn of freedom approaching—the hope of years, the "desire of their souls to be accomplished"? Thank Heaven, their shackles are removed—their rights the same as ours. Citizens, instead of servants. Their voice at the ballot-box, and in conventions, cast side by side with our own. Alas! that so often they are persuaded to believe we are not their staunch friends; that our hearts do not yearn for their advancement, morally and spiritually. Those of education and

intelligence believe that now. It was not an easy matter at first to think we were willing to adopt them as friends of equal rights, under the one glorious government. Suspicion lurked in their untutored minds. They could not grasp the idea with its broad meaning. Something surely must be wanting to make this clear to their comprehension. With all these disadvantages to contend with, it has been slow work to be able to instill this belief; but do not our efforts to educate and elevate them prove the truth? Our colleges, in whose walls, made sacred by many of our present lives, trying to make amends for the evil of past years; the enforcement of a great curse on our land; we must be, in a measure, responsible for the misguided judgment of our forefathers; and in our tasks of being a blessing to those whose lives mingled with our own earlier years, we should not shrink, but esteem it a grand privilege. Nay, "hand in hand" we should rejoice to enter with them through the gates into the City, "with garments made white by the blood of the Lamb," shed for them as for us. Away with such ridiculous notion as the author *Ariel* pretends to believe. Let such ideas be left to the lower order of creation; not man, created in the image of God, and His noblest work, should condescend to such a level. To elevate and improve, to civilize, Christianize, and make happier by such course, should be our one grand aim. Then, indeed, might the awful blot so long resting on us be removed, and its page be white with kindly acts and Christ-like deeds. Onward and upward, higher and higher may our standard be raised, and "our brother in black" be made to forget the "days of slavery."

The first four years after the war were hard ones to

most of our Southern farmers. With so much of our best lands destroyed, no fencing, or any means of protection from stock, the farming was not of the old-time mode. New ways must be invented, and wise heads resorted to the "No Fence Law." Then we could begin to see our wasted fields begin to "rejoice and blossom as the rose"; our grasses covering the ground made sacred by the tramp of the manly footstep now no more to press its soil. Virginia! the honor of all nations. Where dwells the heart that can but beat in sympathy with thy trials? The battle-ground of the four years' war! Where are the people who could have so soon recovered from the shock? With hand on the plough-handle that never touched it before, our brave and loyal sons went forth to till the soil, and rewarded they have been, and honored they will be, by the future sons and daughters of our beloved State. The luxurious living and easy going lives of the years before the war, forgotten in the desire and determination to build up the houses destroyed and reclaim the waste plantations, toil cheerfully endured, and the aristocratic man of former years, whose matchless dress and courtly manner made him a welcome guest in the mansion of wealth and a desirable companion everywhere, is in his cotton shirt and plough shoes, making the weary round of the long corn rows with undaunted spirit, or dropping the tobacco plants. At harvest time, with scythe in hand mowing the wheat or hay, while the mower stands idle which there are not hands to manage, our freedmen's bureau (a terror to many for every trivial cause), in some portions of the land resorted to. Reconstruction was of slow, very slow progress. We of Virginia were favored above

our more Southern sisters, and there was less of discord in our borders than in most of the States south of us. We had tasted too severely of trouble and afflictions to raise a murmur over slight causes and were not disposed to quarrel, though we often felt our rights were ignored, being yet under military rule. Time, however miserable or joyous, flits by, and we were relieved of much that was annoying to proud hearts by the final removal of military authority from our borders, and allowed again a voice in our own government. Happy those who came on after all these "trials and tribulations," for the retrospect is not of a nature to wish to recall. The "carpet baggers" were dreaded. The darkies said, "they flew down South and got their bags full and flopped their wings and flew back North again." The promise of a fine mule and forty acres of land they hoped for from the time the war ended till reconstruction days were over, and finally gave up with a better spirit than we might have exhibited had we longed and trusted to have our expectations realized and suddenly disappointed, or even to have lingered, hoping for years the final consummation of these desires, to see them die out never to be resurrected. It was hard to them, and it was surely a grave mistake to hold out such ideas, knowing they could not be fulfilled, for many of them, trusting so implicitly to these promises, "rested on their oars" for months before they could be induced to work at all, and then only by the day, so as to keep from actual starvation. Those who had sense enough to know that work was the wisest way of obtaining a living, ridiculed the too credulous ones, and would help them to live above want out of their own means. It was not many years before they were willing

to rent and work lands, on the shares, and in this way many became independent and bought farms and stock of their own. In many portions of the South to-day they are prosperous farmers, many of them with money to loan; their cottages well furnished and neatly kept, many posts of honor and trust filled by those who, only since the surrender, have learned to read and write. A cruel law that, forbidding such knowledge. Many of us in Virginia, regardless of such mistaken ideas, taught our servants to read and write, and had the gratification of seeing them fill places of usefulness after the war was over. My own maid (among the number) taught school, and her manners were cultivated above the most sanguine hopes I had entertained. She never forgot her training; was a model of propriety and gentleness; her influence beneficial in every community where she lived; to do all the good she could, with ardent affection for her "white folks," as they called their former owners, and do yet. There should never be among us aught but kindness and harmony, even if there were no other cause than the tie of former years. This of itself appeals to all the finer instincts of our nature; let us strive to place them on such a platform of honor and knowledge as shall redound to our own benefit. We can, and should, cheerfully do this.

Virginia seemed at this period to be leaving behind her remembrance of the past, and, in putting forth every energy, to obliterate the marks of the destroyer; new railroads built, towns springing up in various portions of the State, mining interests attracting the attention of the capitalist, and the rough mountain country we had for years passed through, not knowing of the immense stores of wealth hidden deep down in the earth, bringing us in

stores of revenue never dreamed of in our wildest speculation for the future ; nay, the path of the destroyer, of which he boasted he "would leave it so poor a crow would not fly over it," has sprung up into a valley of beauty, the loveliness of which is unsurpassed ; its mountains of strength shielding on all sides the flourishing villages where busy hands work from "morn till dewy eve," satisfied that theirs is the happiest of all homes ; abundant fields of wheat greet the eye, hay of the finest growth, while peacefully on the hills the bleating of the lambs and neighing of horses, beautiful in form and "fleet of foot," give no token of the gloomy past ; nay, that abyss is spanned by the "Bow of Promise," "brotherly love" ; henceforth a nation united and strong as the rock of Gibraltar in its union, no more the besom of discord to divide those drawn together by such bonds. What nation like ours on the globe ? Of all peoples have not we cause to rejoice in the strength and durability of our Constitution ? "Our Declaration of Independence" to shine forth in all ages, proving the wisdom and faith of its founders ; its base so broad and walls so high as to render it impenetrable, the shot and shell of dissolution to fall only as the mist falls or the snowflake on the river, and in the cloudless sky of security and peace its lofty head stands revealed, smiling in the sunshine of a Father's love. Blessed, thrice blessed, are we ; and should we not as a nation honor and serve the Lord in keeping His commandments ? remembering the "Sabbath Day" to keep it holy ? that we may not only honor our Father in Heaven, but become ourselves an honor among all nations, and kindred, and tongues ?

CHAPTER IX.

IT is a sad fact that we have degenerated from the old-time customs. Our grandfathers and mothers set us an example worthy to be followed; this we should have adhered to instead of seeking out new paths and adopting the fashionable custom of Sabbath breaking. The day that was formerly spent as a holy day is now of all the week in many localities a holiday. "Base-ball," "tennis," and every known amusement indulged in in some of our largest cities. This is an open thing, no fear of being disturbed by an officer of the "Sunday law." Open saloons, the "entrance gate" to the lower regions, where yearly many of our noblest and honored are drawn by cruel cords, irresistible, it seems, in its coils. The brilliant and scholarly, that might adorn the first positions in the land, when once its fetters are established become in intellect incapable of filling such places of honor, and instead of carrying out the high hopes centered in them by fond parents and true friends, descend to the lowest depths of degradation and misery. Whiskey, the curse of mankind in this favored land, has ever thus claimed those who "might have been" mighty by their learning and eloquence. Shun the wine cup, young man, as you would the viper's dart. When once indulged in, how hard to resist. Let it be our desire to leave behind us a name unsullied by such reproach; a name whose memory can call forth the love and admiration of our fellow-men. 'Tis true

"Ambition is a meteor's gleam,
Fame a restless idle dream,"

but no walk in life is too narrow to keep down the fire of genius if once its flame is enkindled in the human breast. Consider the honest blacksmith, cultivated in learning by his own studious efforts, even when striking the anvil the lofty intellect busy, leaving a name long to be honored and revered. The boatman, the ploughman, all stations have had their noble men. God bestows on us talent; how wise those who cultivate and improve—those who by constant, vigilant effort endeavors to attain success are always rewarded. Strive for eminence; don't be satisfied with an ordinary place. Desire and determination accomplish much.

“Truth is stranger than fiction.” Suppose Abraham Lincoln, while mauling rails in the wilderness, by a glance into the future could have seen the position he should one day fill as the most honored our people can bestow on her favored ones, would he have thrown down his ax, and, seated on the log, have indulged in flights of fancy? Nay; the principle of “duty” was so firmly implanted in his breast, he would not have stopped his task to indulge in such visions. By diligence and sturdy industry, he plodded the weary road of daily labor, and when at last his dream of ambition is fulfilled, how great must have been the satisfaction felt by the knowledge of having done his duty; and, with a name untarnished, he sleeps the last dreamless sleep, honored, revered and loved for a life spent in the effort to benefit and make better all who came under its influence.

“Oh, Time! beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin; comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled,”

how much thou hast accomplished in wiping away the scars and covering up the deficiencies of our judgments.

The year 1870 was one of great grief to our beloved State in the sudden taking away from his place of usefulness our beloved General R. E. Lee. A life spent in the service of his country ; his arm lifted for her defence in the hour of need ; his wise and prudent counsel ; his unblemished life of " kindly acts and knightly deeds " ; above all, the example of his Christian life, the ennobling influence over the youth and young men of Washington College (now bearing his own immortal name), will live after the war record of his life has faded away as the mist from the mountain. That will shine through the the ages yet to come. Thrice blessed they who have that heritage which the wealth of Golconda cannot purchase. Influence of character is immortal. A life unending is theirs whose example of purity and loftiness is left untouched by aught that can tarnish. A noble, precious legacy to our State is thus bequeathed by her honored son ; and may it ever be remembered by her sons and daughters, that they can claim a portion in the inheritance bestowed on us by such a life ; our highest ambition to copy that example.

The seat of his latest and best efforts is held in sacred reverence, no hand worthy to touch that last held in his ; no one dare remove from its position the articles placed there by him. Step softly, and with bowed head, on such hallowed spot. Thank God that Virginia has such a list of names, which only grow brighter as time wings its flight. That of Lee, side by side with Washington, will emit its luster with a brighter and fairer glow, and descend to future generations as pure and unsullied—honored, revered, beloved. Our State could ill afford to lose her son. The eventful period succeeding the war had

been made less unbearable by the lesson of patience and forbearance taught us by him. We were for a time as a vessel on the high seas, tossed and driven by cruel winds and pitiless rains, our helmsman gone; no hand to guide us through the breakers. Dark and dismal the prospect ahead of us; yet the "light in the cloud" betokened the better time coming, and harsh judgment and cruel words became exchanged for kind feeling and less severity of judgment. We were approaching a loftier plain, a more healthy atmosphere, where mankind in his real character could enjoy other sights and scenes than making his fellow mourn.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

We had suffered long and severely, but we were now at the end of the trials and difficulties of the past few years, and better understood by our former opponents. Friendship and good feeling makes the heart light, and we who had been chastened and refined by our afflictions were softened into humility and forgiveness. Had not they, too, suffered—their best and truest taken by our darts, as ours by theirs? Was it not better to "forgive and forget"? And so we began anew the lesson of love and trust, obliterating the dark record and looking forward to a glorious future—our homes and firesides open to all; none excluded on account of difference of opinion. "Agreeing to disagree," we can discuss as we could not twenty-five years ago our political faith, no rash utterance to wound or anger, all united in one grand object, the "good of our fellow-men," to establish wise measures and solid means of promoting the public weal. "Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

CHAPTER X.

How different the scene of to-day compared with that of thirty years ago. Our fair land then weltering in the blood of her own noble sons; now all is calm and peaceful. Our great World's Fair at Chicago, bringing to our country hosts from all lands; astonished they are at our wonderful progress, finding that here in the New World we are side by side with the old—our buildings massive and grand, our displays of art wonderful. Can we not claim the most renowned sculptor of the day—aye, he who renders the marble life-like and true? All honor to Valentine. Here in America they find the marks of a broad and noble philanthropy. Where can we find one who studied the good of his fellow-beings as our own beloved and revered Corcoran. The grand art gallery at Washington and the beautiful Louise Home are monuments to his memory, fadeless and lasting; Cyrus Field, Stanford, McCormick, and hosts of others. Where had there been seen another Edison? Aye, well may we lift our heads with pride as we call over the record of honored and worthy names. Such lives are immortal; 'round their memory center pure and holy thoughts. Compared to the mighty warrior or statesmen, they shine with as great lustre, with perhaps less to mar the brightness. Virginia now shows as great a record as any State in point of growth for the last few years, although the heart of the old-time Virginian feels that the customs of former years are passing away, and soon will be only a memory of "what has been"; yet they are too proud of the advancement of our grand old mother to spend the time in useless

repining, but accept the modern innovations with beautiful manner, and bid our progressive ones "God speed." Of course the "Virginia of the past" will linger in the affections of the elder ones, but the present has its attractions here for those who dwell much in the past. Our onward progress in all schools of learning is a most worthy and noticeable fact. From all portions of the country students come to our seminaries and colleges; the standard is high, the discipline good, the managers of such institutions reliable and conscientious men and women, with a high order of talent and faithful to duty. We are rejoiced to note the change, for years ago all our youth were sent away from home to be taught; now we can offer the same advantages to others. Our old and renowned schools, where so many of the first men of the nation were taught, are still full of busy workers. Old William and Mary, where there exists so much to remind us of her former greatness, is arising from the cruel desolation of war and taking her place again with the high standard and unblemished record of former years. Could the departed note the change, how would they view it? Such men as Judge Beverly Tucker the renowned jurist, or Robert Saunders, Millington Minnigerode, whose names were an honor to any institution, could they view with pleasure or pain the change?—those halcyon days, when old Williamsburg was indeed the seat of culture and refinement, lovely women and courtly men, the attraction of the country was she indeed. Shall we admit that her greatness has departed? Nay; verily, the "seed" planted by her former sons and daughters, though it may have lain dormant for years, is coming into life resolute and determined.

The honored record of former years shall be the incentive to push her best energies until there shall be enrolled, side by side with former honored ones names that will descend to posterity alike beloved and revered. So much that is hallowed and endeared to every true Virginian lingers around dear old Williamsburg. What a delight to her sons and daughters, should her present improved condition present. Along the James river in lower Virginia, where the homes of her most noted sons have fallen into decay, there are to-day signs of determined resolution to build up and reclaim. They shall not fall away; the very bricks are hallowed, and should be preserved and put to use. So all through the James River Valley, where wealth held sway in the years before the war, are there to be seen improvements—the immense farms utilized, divided into smaller ones, and yielding their owners more than when cultivated by slaves. Beautiful mansions overlook these farms, where refinement and intelligence exists, satisfied with home and its quiet surroundings. Only an occasional glance into the busy world abroad is indulged in. The great locomotive with its freight continually passing, and the solitude of the hills broken by the steam whistle, where in the years gone by our dear old canal-boats slowly and majestically passed; the genial and accommodating conductors stopping anywhere and everywhere along the banks of the canal to put off or take on passengers. A sigh will escape as the dear, happy old days come up. The associations connected with their memory is endeared by the sweetest recollections, whose picture, saddened and shadowed, casts a sudden light over the pathway of many of us to-day, for all that went to make life happy is connected

with the old James River and Kanawha canal-boat days—days whose memory will live with the older residents while time lasts. Too happy, too fleeting, yet in the present day the easy transportation along the same line is, to the younger people, more attractive; the trip that took days to accomplish now made in a few hours. Rip Van Winkle, awake from thy slumbers and behold!

Richmond city, always the pride of our State, not only on account of its natural beauty and the remembrance of her honored sons and daughters of the past, stands to-day unrivalled. Her rapid strides in the past few years have been astonishing. The great energy and sturdy industry of her working population; the wise management of her banks, her merchants, her men of all classes and positions, has brought her to the front. Here a stranger may rest assured of kind treatment and polite attention. Her hotels and boarding-houses the first. Nowhere are there more quiet, orderly servants, every wish of the visitor attended to with alacrity and precision. Home-like and pleasant is made the stay of all who stop for a day or a month, and many are the objects of interest to be seen about the city. Attractive parks, beautified by nature as well as art; and one, adored above all others, where Lee's bronze figure stands—a sacred monument his great deeds and pure life called into remembrance, and related to the little child, gazing at the life-like figure as it prattles the name endeared by every tie to his State. Ah, who would not choose such a record?—a name now honored in all parts of this land, a life so far above that of almost any other man in its lofty example, its unstained and spotless integrity, devotion to every honorable cause, that makes men wiser and better; aye, the name of

Robert E. Lee stands first in the heart of every Virginian. Such a character is not the heritage of many States. True, others have been honored by men of lofty and distinguished intellect; but where lived the man with so many desirable traits as Lee? Only one generation could produce such. We look in vain for his equal. May his mantle fall on some honored scion of Virginia, that the coming generation may have cause to rejoice in such noble exhibition of all that is honorable, manly, and pure. The State Capitol is to every son and daughter of Virginia a spot endeared and revered. On its beautiful square stands the finest equestrian statue of Washington in the world. Around the monument are those whose names are immortal. Henry, a prominent figure, whose eloquence was unsurpassed. How much we of Virginia can boast of in the sons and daughters brought up in her borders! Let not the fire of Henry's genius die out, or the eloquence of Randolph. Make mention of it to our children; give it prominence in our histories of Virginia; let the names of those of which any land might well be proud to claim be cherished and their lives be endeared to our children of future generations. Such patriotism as Henry's can never be forgotten by the State. A monument more enduring than marble are the words, "Give me liberty or give me death!" That sentence of itself would have carried his name to posterity. Marshall, the clear-headed, renowned lawyer; how grand in his simplicity of character, the child-like manner, the equable temperament, the beautiful and lovely home life of such a man of genius and talent, can but be full of interest to all who claim Virginia as home; so much that is ennobling to copy in such a life. A pure legacy he gave to Virginia by such living testi-

mony of the truth he professed. The greatest men have been those who accept the "plan of salvation" as laid down by our Saviour. They are wisest and their lives are a benediction. "Godliness is profitable," &c. Richmond on the James, purified by her past sufferings, looks forward to the time when all such recollections shall be obscured by the calm of a peace which "shall flow as a river." A number of the older people are yet living too much in the past. When we see other homes, where the children and grandchildren meet to celebrate happy periods, the thought will spring up, "What would my home be to-day but for the four years' war?" My bright boy, too young and fragile to know the hardships of a soldier's life, but with the courage of an older soldier, left all the loving attractions of home for the battle-field, where he laid his beautiful head beside the mossy stream, never to arise until the glad morning of that glorious day, when, awoke with life immortal, he will greet his mother again. The missile of death pierced that lovely brow while perhaps dreaming of the embrace of loved ones at home. Look beyond the pains and alarms of that conflict to the Home where the "weary are at rest," and let the Comforter fill the heart with the "oil of consolation" and the balm of a perfect peace, chastened, but trusting in the love of the Eternal.

Our streets to-day filled with happy hearts, glad and rejoicing in the comfort and prosperity of homes that are beautiful in their ample proportions; our yards and grounds laid out with taste and care; fountains throwing up the glad spray of the clear water into the sunlight; lovely flowers blooming all seasons. What lack we yet? Have we not all the natural advantages of a great, a

glorious city? Have we not the men and the means to push her into the front ranks of the mechanical and agricultural cities of the continent? There we have foundries for moulding our finest plows. The Tredegar Iron-Works, of wide reputation, reliable and strong in their might, command the admiration of the country for the wise management and just treatment of its employees. The flour mills, owned by Richmond men, supply many markets with a fine grade of flour, pure and wholesome. Are not the markets unsurpassed? Of all nations have we not cause to be glad and rejoice? Our climate and soil superior to any other; a greater diversity of both than almost any other State can boast. Our advantages are of the finest—rivers, railroads, and competent and affable managers of these means of transportation. We can well lift up our heads to-day with confidence and security.



CHAPTER XI.

OLD POINT COMFORT, with its grand hotel and fine bath arrangements, is the resort of the best people from all portions of our country. Fortress Monroe stands secure and quiet, confident of her power to resist the intruder. Hampton with its National Soldiers' Home, a great attraction to the tourist. What a grand, a gigantic monument to the Government of America; the disabled and helpless cared for with the comforts of a home life; grounds of loveliness and beauty. Mementoes, on all sides, of those who fell in battle, are held in reverence and tended with love; the hungry are fed, the needy clad, and comforts bestowed on all its dependent ones. A library and its pleasant situation, the resort of those who wish to spend quiet hours either with books or papers in many languages, is free to all who care to avail themselves of its advantages. Church and theatre, "saint and sinner" can find places suited to their feelings and tastes. Our hotels on the coast resorted to by the gay and light-hearted, the dance and the exhilarating sport of boating, each claims its scores. What would the spirits of the departed utter could they tell us of their astonishment as they behold the changes time has wrought?—the magnificent steamer where our ancestors rowed the canoe, the luxurious pullman sleeper taking the place of the cumbersome old stage coach, with its lumbering wheels and dusty seats, though to an old-timer full of tender remembrances of the "days forever gone." In communication with every portion of the world is Norfolk—her steam-

ers known "o'er the wide waters"; to her can be brought in brief space of time valuable cargo from foreign ports, when she in return can ship the "staff of life" to other lands. What should be the condition of a State with so many advantages? Homes are offered to the oppressed and needy—free homes. Here, too, can the outcast of other lands find employment; here can they find those who by words of entreaty would lead them to the "better land" and bid them look higher for reward of pure lives and honest deeds. The glorious record of the past—the lives of those who remind us

"We can make our lives sublime"—

is a grand incentive to us of the present age in Virginia. Our firesides have been a refuge to the wandering and homeless, our tables spread with plenty for the hungry poor, and our tears of sympathy for the afflicted and suffering. Let the same spirit which filled the breasts of our honored parents animate their children to the remotest generations; make our lives to those coming after us as were the lives of our predecessors to us. Let us leave behind us nothing to mar the bright and precious example of well-spent lives, that we may be an honor and source of pride, as were those gone before to us. Virginia! hallowed, chastened, refined, may thy future be far brighter than the past; may nothing unholy find foothold on thy sacred soil, and in the coming years thy record be that of a State

"Whose God is the Lord."

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